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What Fools these Mortals

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



THE CAUSE OF IT ALL.

THEY WOULD BE GOOD NEIGHBORS IF IT WERE NOT FOR THEIR WORTHLESS "PROTECTION" WATCH-DOGS.

PUCK.

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Keppler & Schwarzmann,

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Editor

H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, September 7th, 1892.—No. 809.



CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

1.—What PUCK said:

"But, if the Englishman pays **\$8.00** for a corduroy suit, and the American pays **\$15.00**, who is paying the tax on corduroy?" —Double-Page Cartoon, July 20th, 1892.

2.—What the Protected Singer said PUCK said:

"Mr. Jacob E. Singer, a prominent dealer in woolens in this city, has read in the Democratic colored organ, PUCK, the question: 'Why should an American be compelled to pay **\$2.50** for a corduroy suit that can be bought in London for **\$9.50**?' Mr. Singer says he is prepared to supply from 1,000 to 100,000 Americans with corduroy suits at \$9.50, which he will guarantee shall be of as good material as the London suits at the same price, and better made." —Milwaukee Sentinel, Aug. 26th, 1892.

3.—What the Man in the Market says:

6 & 7 Market St.,

LEEDS, Aug. 13th, 1892.

TO THE EDITOR OF PUCK:

Sir: — I notice in an English paper an extract from PUCK of July 20th, last, having reference to the McKinley Tariff, in which you remark that an Englishman pays \$8.00 for a corduroy suit, whilst an American pays \$15.00 for the same. As to the latter, you may be correct; but I beg to inform you that an excellent corduroy suit can be had in this town for **\$5.00**, and a very fair one for a dollar less. Of course, as you may be aware, Leeds is a great clothing centre. A real good business suit may be bought for \$10.00.

I am, sir,

Yours truly, T. HAMMOND.

In the brief comments that we have to make upon these two pieces of reprint and this letter, we must speak first of the letter. Mr. Hammond does not write quite to the point in his pleasant and pithy note. Doubtless corduroy suits can be bought in England at a lower price than \$8, especially at the place of production. But buying clothing in such a place is something like buying fish at the seashore: the purchaser gets the benefit of the lowest market price. But to the man who can not choose his market, and must needs buy of the local dealer in the place where he happens to find himself, the price of a first-class corduroy suit, such as we took for illustration, would be in the neighborhood of 30 or 32 shillings English money, and our point was, that the same suit costs nearly, if not quite, twice as much on this side of the water. Of course, if prices are getting lower there while they get higher here — why, so much the worse for the Protection cow.

* * *

Our readers will, we think, bear us witness that in all our dealings with facts and concrete examples in the long discussion of this tariff question, we have always endeavored to understate rather than overstate, and that we have done our best to avoid any possible imputation of citing extreme or exceptional cases. We have been moved to this course not by any feeling of extravagant generosity toward our opponents, but because our friends the enemy are too frequently pushed by the exigencies of the situation into resorting to the opposite expedient, and fighting most uncommonly foul. For instance, in this very matter, we spoke of an \$8.00 corduroy suit, because a man can go anywhere in England and get a suit for that much money. If we had spoken of a \$5.00 suit, some of our protectionist contemporaries, esteemed, perhaps, but not for their candor, would have hunted up some obscure hamlet in an out-of-the-way corner of Merionethshire, named Cwdrllwelegln, or something of the sort, where the one shop-keeper did n't keep in stock anything cheaper than a \$6.00 suit, and would, trumpeting this discovery to the world, affect to regard the question as settled and done with. Long experience has taught us to expect this sort of thing, and we always endeavor to be on the lookout for it. The indurated protectionist may not always be able to argue clearly or convincingly in defense of his theories, but at begging the question he is the king of beggars.

* * *

But it seems that it is quite impossible to be fair enough to satisfy our protectionist friends. When they fight, they are not satisfied with a fair field and no favor; they want all the other fellows' arms and munitions of war; and even then they are not quite sure that they have n't forgotten to ask for something that they need. We thought we were doing rather a generous thing when, in showing how much more cheaply a consumer could buy in England than in the United States, we compared a decidedly high English price with a normal American price. But our generosity was thrown away upon Mr. Jacob Singer, a Milwaukee manufacturer of clothing — perhaps we ought to say a manufacturer of Milwaukee clothing; but on that score we have no personal knowledge. Mr. Singer's attention was probably called to our cartoon of July 20th by inquiring and exasperating friends, and his soul burned — he panted, in fact — to confute and cast

down the demon PUCK. Being entirely unable to do any confuting whatever, as matters stood, he resorted to a device that united boldness with childlike simplicity. He changed PUCK's figures. Where PUCK wrote \$15, Mr. Singer decided that \$25 would suit him better, and where PUCK had \$8, Mr. Singer preferred \$9.50, and then he made to the Milwaukee *Sentinel* the astounding communication printed above, and the *Sentinel*, which really ought to have been in better business, printed it for him, and lent the weight of its respectability to a patent falsification.

* * * * *

The whole transaction seems to us curiously characteristic and significant. What must be the real nature of a cause that inspires such service as this? What man who believed that he had a great truth to uphold would try to prove it by showing that he himself was quite willing to utter an inexcusable falsehood? And what common sense can dwell in a man who so recklessly and clumsily makes, by his own act, the case against him far worse than his opponents put it? Here is the case, as Mr. Singer has put it himself, by rushing into the glare of publicity with his \$9.50 suit: If that suit is of the very best grade, the man who buys it pays more for it than he would pay in England for the same thing. But if, as is to be supposed, it is only an ordinarily good serviceable suit such as most people buy, he is paying \$4.50 more than the same article is sold for in England. If it is of a lower grade, it cost him \$5.50 more than it would cost him in England. Now, then, what becomes of the money represented by this tremendous discrepancy in prices? Who gets it? One thing is clear and unmistakable to the man who buys that suit. He pays the difference, whatever it is — \$1.50, \$4.50 or \$5.50. He pays it; that is as plain as the nose on his face, and he pays it to the manufacturer of that suit. But why should he pay it? That is what the Democratic party wants to know.

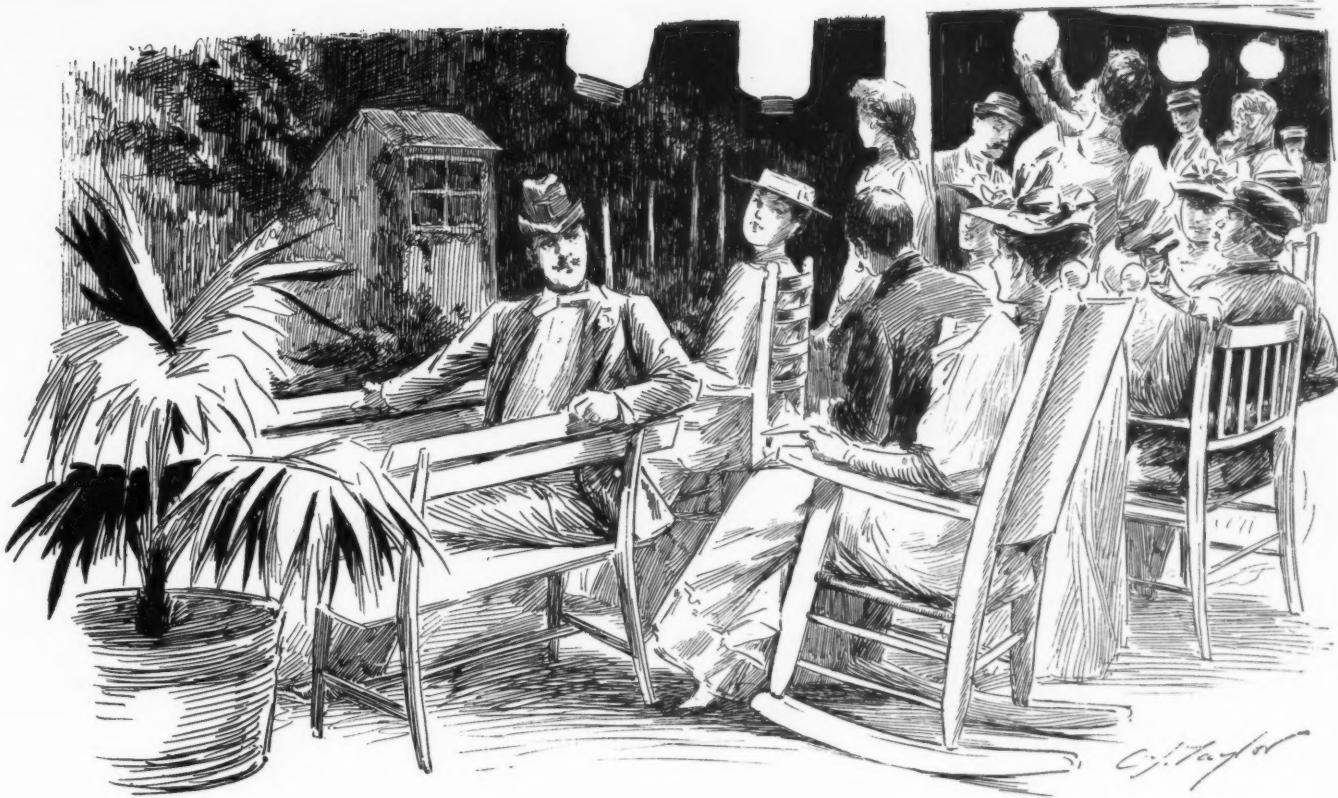
The Prodigal Son returning to his Father is a beautiful and touching occasion, provided that the suggestion is not too strongly forced upon us that the Prodigal is affected less by a real sense of contrition for his misdeeds than by an inordinate fondness for veal. And the penitent who humbly confesses his sin and abases himself at the feet of him whom he acknowledges as his moral superior, is a sight to move strong men to boot the abject slave into the middle of next week the moment it becomes apparent that he is only a miserable hypocrite who is actuated by no conviction of moral turpitude, but only by an assurance of material benefits to be received. It is a pity that these observations should form an appropriate introduction to anything we may have to say in regard to Mr. Whitelaw Reid's position toward the Typographical Union. In fact, it is so humiliating to our professional pride that the editor of a great daily, no matter what his politics, should prove traitor to a cause in which we both were hitherto united, — the cause of the workingman at large as distinguished from that of any clique or confederation of clans — it is so offensive to our high ideals of American statesmanship and American citizenship to mark a candidate for the second highest office in the land seeking election on hands and knees from his life-long opponents, that we are really unable dispassionately to discuss this most recent case of snap conversion, which came as late as that of Saul of Tarsus, and has proved as unsatisfactory as that of Ananias and Sapphira.



AN EXCHANGE.

MULFORD. — Your family are staying at a farm-house for the Summer, I believe. Does it cost you much?

HULINGS. — No. You see I am in the butter and egg and farm produce business, and the farmer takes their board out in trade.



"AL FRESCO."

Our Hotel, 7:45 P. M. Lawn set with "for-this-night-only" saplings, forcibly-colonized shrubbery, personally-conducted flowery banks, and one of the beach bath-houses, ineffectually disguised as a parcel of Arcadian real estate. Verandah full of EAGER yet SATIRICAL GUESTS, to witness the original pastoral play, "Chloe's Wooing." THE ACTORS (behind time). THE AUTHOR (behind a tree). THE PIANO (by far too far off). THE OFFICE, DINING ROOM, KITCHEN and STABLES (not far enough off by far).

THE AUDIENCE (*promiscuously*).—I say, Queerer, what's a pastoral, anyhow? A high-class Pastor thing, is it?—a tony pastoral?—ah, thanks! Now, tell me — where I can ask for a drink after midnight in the — original Greek, which he stole this from, I suppose, because — she won't dare to wear sandals, her feet are so — blue, with pearl-gray polka dots all over them — and enormously thick corrugated rubber soles, made to — prevent young Mashley from sitting next you, Pauline, for I can't possibly — wear a peplon or a chlamys or whatever they used — to dress salmon salad with — at Wellesley, where I took the part of — Lottie Collins, with her everlasting — Ta — ta, my dear, I'm just going out to see — Oedipus, roaring forth, oh, so grandly — down go the lights; where's your other dear little hand, Kitty? (*And the play begins.*)

(Enter CHARLEY BROWN, as "Menalcas," with a tragic step, a trunk-and-hose suit and a severe case of malignant stage fright.)

CHARLEY (*stammering*).—"Y-y-ye b-b-blooming b-b-bowers where b-b-blooming K-K-Chloe reigns,

W-Where s-s-shall I g-go to c-c-cure my am-mam-mamerous pains?"

THE OFFICE (*painfully distinct*).—Cuttlefish Cove's a good place; boat leaves 9:15 A. M.

THE AUDIENCE.—Tee, hee!

CHARLEY (*rattled*).—"W-What b-b-balm is there?" (*Hesitates.*)

THE DINING ROOM (*imperatively*).—A small bottle and a broil!

THE AUDIENCE.—Ha, ha!

CHARLEY (*going to pieces*).—"W-What b-b-balm is there (confound it all!) what balm — balm — balm —"

THE AUTHOR (*prompting*).—"my love-wracked heart to heal?"

(*Apart.*) Come, show signs of life!

CHARLEY (*recovering, apart*).—All right, Smith — I've got it!

(*Reciting.*)—"love-wracked heart to heal,

And ease the pangs that Chloe makes me feel?

Ah, well, too well, I know that—" (*Pauses.*)

THE OFFICE (*loudly*).—People who have n't any baggage must pay in advance.

THE AUDIENCE (*much tickled*).—Hi, hi!

CHARLEY (*slapping various parts of his person*).—"that help there's naught—" (*Aside.*) These brutal mosquitos are eating me alive! (*Resuming.*) "And I must —"

THE OFFICE (*very decidedly*).—Put up that watch and chain, or be bounced — see?

CHARLEY. — "And I must live and die, despised, distraught."

(Continuing his gymnastics.)

"And yet (slap!) and yet (smack!) one single (slap!) hope I see (slap!) My cruel (slap! slap!) fair one may (smack!) still pity (slap! slap!) me. Ah, BANE (slap!) at once and (it's a bug this time) balsam (smack!) to my heart,

(Slap!) Chloe, who caused, (slap!) alone can (smack!) cure its smart!"

THE AUTHOR (*stage whisper*).—Now, then, Chloe, where are you?

VOICE FROM THE COTTAGE.—There's a horrid spider crawling up my gown! Oh, mercy! Ow! ow!

(Enter precipitately from cottage, MAMIE JONES, as "Chloe.")

MAMIE (*in her natural, spider-hating character*).—Ow! ow! ow! Oh, do you see it anywhere? Has it gone? Oh, the awful thing!

THE AUTHOR (*whispering*).—Come, come, Miss Jones! "What is this trouble," you know.

MAMIE (*still herself, because she is n't herself*).—No; I don't know!

I shan't know anything till I find out where that dreadful spider is. Are you sure — sure — it is n't on me? Sure? Well, then. (As "Chloe.") "What is this trouble that disturbs my dreams?"

THE KITCHEN (*with miraculous patness*).—Four lemon sherbets and six strawb'y creams!

(This interruption nearly wrecks the whole performance; but damage being repaired, the dialogue progresses to the point where the lovers' closing duet begins. Distant PIANO plays introduction, but is almost drowned out by an ACCORDION in the vicinity of THE STABLES, which strikes up a well-known comic song.)

THE PIANO (*feebley*).—Tum, tum, tee, tee-ty tum!

THE ACCORDION (*savagely*).—Squawk-y, squawk-y, squee-ny, squawk!

CHARLEY (*singing*).—"O'er ger-rassy meads we-he ster-ray,

We-he ster-ray, we-he ster-ray!"

A POWERFUL BASS VOICE FROM THE STABLES (*ably supported by the Accordion*).—"Oh, the day that I struck New York!

I went out for a qui-et walk!"

MAMIE (*off the lay, and no wonder*).—"The fer-hields with fer-lowers are ga-a-ay!

Are ga-a-ay, are ga-a-ay!"

THE BASS VOICE.—"A big perliceman came up to me —"

CHARLEY (*in a great deal of trouble*).—"Are ga-a-ay, are ga-a-ay!"

MAMIE (*in worse*).—"And over us ber-hends the sk-y-y-y!"

The sk-y-y-y, the sk-y-y-y!"

THE BASS VOICE.—"Git off o' th' Bow'ry, you yap!" says he,

And I'll never go there any more!"

GRAND CHORUS FROM THE STABLES.—"The Bow'ry, the Bow'ry!"

THE AUDIENCE (*carried away, after a vain resistance, and forgetting all about Arcadia*).—"The Bow'ry, the Bow'ry!

They say such things and they do such things,

In the Bow'ry, the Bow'ry,

And I'll never go there any more!"

Manley H. Pike.



(Begun in PUCK, No. 806, August 17th, 1892.)

THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S WIDOW.



WHEN THE Conscientious Plumber had stretched himself at full length upon the couch in the gardener's lodge, he felt that he was, at least temporarily, anchored in a haven of safety and peace.

In the desert of his aimless wanderings he had at last unexpectedly stumbled upon an oasis, of which he called Anita the chief particular rose, as he gazed through the oriel at Arcturus, and smiled in the sweetness of his Omar Khayyamian simplicity.

"She is a great improvement on her parents," he mused; "because her mother continually drinks her tea without removing the spoon from the cup, and her father wears, at one and the same time, a silk hat and a sack coat. But, perhaps, I should apologize to myself for entertaining such thoughts of people who have been so kind to me. The shortcomings of these good people are, after all, what might be termed the mere trivialities of good breeding, and one should not be too quick in denouncing his neighbors for what may be the result of early misfortune over which they had no control. The Millionaire of Pea Pack may have begun life in the country store that dispenses everything from a clothespin to a set of artificial teeth. Many of our rich men have started in this capacity; and, as a rule, they never succeed in ridding themselves of habits that bespeak the unhallowed spirit of the store. But there is one thing in his favor—he has not given me any advice on the subject of how to save money and to get along in life. But that may be because he has been successful himself—as a rule, only unsuccessful men spend all their time in preaching to young men the Gospel of Financial Victory."

When the Conscientious Plumber had retired, the mystified family of the Millionaire of Pea Pack discussed him at considerable length.

"It seems a great shame," said Anita, "that one of so evident refinement should have to drift aimlessly from place to place."

"I think so myself," coincided the Millionaire of Pea Pack; "he is certainly the most remarkable young man I have yet met. And he has told me something of value in his story of his brother, the Barber. I happen to have a policy in that same Skinner's Mutual Company, myself. I took out the policy to be rid of the agent, who was so patient and persistent in his efforts to befriend me that I knew it would be impossible to discourage him or to damp his ardor by simply throwing him from the office window. I happen to remember that I was insured as a banker; and now that I am not a banker, in the event of death, I should occupy about the same attitude as that held by the man who, having been insured as a pianist, dies while playing upon the violin. I shall surrender that policy at once, and make the Conscientious Plumber my private secretary."

"An excellent plan," said the Millionaire's wife, "because he is so

entertaining a person; and it would likewise take a great deal of worry off your mind. We can fix the blue room for him, and let the servants imagine that he is a poor relative upon a visit to repair his shattered health."

It was therefore decided that the Conscientious Plumber should be made the private secretary of the Millionaire of Pea Pack.

When the first pink kiss of dawn trembled on the dew-gemmed flowers that dotted the hills of Pea Pack, the Conscientious Plumber rose with the lark and saw the last white star dissolve in the shining blue. After the enjoyment of a sumptuous feast, he repaired to the garden, where Anita met him.

"Good morning, Mr. Mills," she said sweetly; "I am just writing a note, and am puzzled over the spelling of a word. The more I think of it, the deeper the mystery becomes—can you tell me how many p's there are in 'chopping'?"

"Two; and I will tell you how to remember it."

"How?" she asked smilingly.

"Why, simply remember that there are two p's in chopping, and one p in Chopin."

"How delightful!" she lisped; "and are you fond of Chopin?"

"More than fond of him. When I hear his 8th Nocturne, Op. 27, I am thrilled with the spicy fragrance of the carnation; and when I smell the carnation, I always feel the mystic movement of the 8th Nocturne. Chopin is the flower garden of music through which I ever love to wander and dream the time away."

And so they talked of music until they got around to the piazza, where the Millionaire of Pea Pack was waiting anxiously with his wife to hear the story of the Barber's Widow. But before the Conscientious Plumber began, they acquainted him with the fact that he had been appointed Private Secretary. He accepted the position with becoming dignity and gratitude, and a quaint sprightliness seemed to enter into his manner as he proceeded with his narrative of the trials and tribulations of his sister-in-law.

"As I before stated, The Skinner's Mutual Insurance Co. refused to pay my brother's widow the amount of his policy, or a single cent of it. But when the Accident Company paid her, a cadaverous lawyer, with long hair and a long, shining moth-eaten coat, advised her that she had a good case against The Skinner's Mutual, and that if she would spend half the amount of the accident policy in a legal fight, she would certainly triumph over the other.

"But Raphael's widow determined to do the best she could with the money she had in hand, and to risk nothing in speculation.

Although she had less than fifteen hundred dollars to her credit, after she had satisfied a small mortgage and liquidated a few outstanding accounts, you would be surprised to know how many people were interested in her welfare so deeply that they traveled miles out of their way to get her to invest in something or other that would double her principal in thirty days, and thereafter pay her fifteen per cent. per annum.

"But she would listen to the song of none of these well-meaning philanthropic people. When she considered her large family and its just and proper demands upon her, she wished to embark in the boarding-house business, and also to set her eldest son up in the pursuit of keeping asses in an adjacent park, to be let to children at the rate of ten cents a ride. But she was afraid to risk the money necessary, for she was naturally over-cautious. Having ascertained that she could purchase six asses, with the necessary bridles and saddles, for two hundred dollars, she abandoned that project as one involving too great pecuniary risk. Yes, she abandoned that scheme, although she

had the figures on paper to show that her boy could have realized a net profit of from eight to ten dollars a day.

"So far as the proposed boarding-house was concerned, she liked it immensely. But it would require more money than she felt that she could afford to risk to pay for the furniture alone, even if purchased upon the installment plan. She had figured the cost of furnishing her establishment very carefully, and could not quite see her way clear; and, when she had determined to allow the boarding-house idea to droop and simmer for a time, and to embark in the less jeopardous enterprise of a small candy store, a dapper young man, in raiment displaying the immaculate taste of the wearer, stepped in and, before my sister-in-law could wave him from



her presence with the scorn which she always cast upon the casual vender, whether one of steel-engravings or of silver polish, the young man opened a Russia leather valise and took therefrom a small box.

"Opening the same with a sweet commercial smile, he picked therefrom a small blue pellet which looked like one of camphor, and holding it aloft he contemplated it pleasantly and said:

"This pellet dropped into a quart of kerosene oil will make the latter perfectly harmless. Have you a quart of oil at hand that I may prove to you the great virtue of my blue pellet?"

"I have not," replied my sister-in-law sharply; "and as I only use non-explosive oil, of what use can your pellets be to me?"

"Be patient with me, my dear Madam," continued the peddler with a beautiful smile of resignation, which, although practiced and acquired before a mirror, meant nothing, "while I breathe a syllable or two, which will cause you to regard me and my poor blue pellets in a happier light. I represent a firm of enormous capital—capital which the members of this syndicate would never have subscribed for any article other than one of great sterling virtue. It is going to prove a boon to humanity, and in coming to call on you in your little home, I can only regard myself in the dim religious light of a missionary. We are more than giving these pellets away, because with each box you purchase we present, in the form of a premium, a piece of furniture worth from four to ten times the amount amount of money paid for it."

"My sister-in-law, although a shrewd, long-headed woman, was overcome and held captive by the eloquence of the peddler, which was of that persuasive kind that appeals to the emotions always, to the reason never; and my sister-in-law was lost through listening. She saw at once a way of furnishing the boarding-house which was the dream of her life. If it would require an outlay of a thousand dollars to furnish the house properly, she could secure furniture to cover that amount by purchasing a few dollars worth of pellets. She could then sell these pellets for a round sum, when they should attain popularity, and when the house was once furnished she could put a chattel mortgage upon her effects, and with this money purchase the necessary number of asses to start her eldest son in the business of which I have previously spoken. If the asses would net even five dollars per day, she could cancel the chattel mortgage in two months, and all would be well."

The peddler, by this time, recognized in her a new victim, and, taking a tape measure from his pocket, said:

"I should think a sideboard would be about the thing here. We have a nice one for thirty-five dollars."

"But how many boxes of pellets must I buy?"

"Only one," replied the peddler, who continued: "we expect to lose a quarter of a million dollars per year for five or six years in introducing this great blessing. Then will we have a harvest of honest millions that shall fill us all with joy. But we are patient, and happy in the knowledge of the golden fact that we must begin to roll in money in 1897. By that time we shall have furnished and beautified many a happy home. Don't you think you could use an antique oak suit in the dining-room?"



"My poor sister-in-law was by this time, as you may well imagine, trembling in an ecstasy of excitement. She completely lost her head, and ordered in the most reckless manner. The peddler had filled several pages of his book, during which he was as calm and stolid as a sphinx.

"He had all kinds of furniture; some artistic and ornamental, some simply useful. Some was decorated with lions' feet and eagles' talons; some was hideous with tiger faces and sculptures of antique armor. Some was of Roman design, some of Greek, and each piece was represented by an illustration in a book which he carried. In short, she had her home furnished in the most luxurious manner, and when the peddler counted ninety little boxes of the pellets that were to revolutionize the world, my sister-in-law calmly handed out one hundred and thirty-five dollars.

"The peddler then closed his valise, thanked her for her generous order, and gave her the number of the street upon which they kept their premium furniture, and bade her good day, with the assurance that he would have the furniture sent immediately.

"Then he left, and my sister-in-law sat down and wept in her perfect joy. In dreaming of the beautiful pieces of carving in wood, and the rich embossings in leather, and the sumptuous colors in plush that were shortly to turn her home into a boarding-house, she fell into a gentle sleep, from which she was shortly after aroused by a sharp rap on the door. It was the peddler, who had been absent about an hour.

"You remember, that sideboard you ordered is covered with Tennessee marble; I have come back to say that you may have it in Italian marble, which is a much finer stone, without extra charge."

"My sister-in-law ordered the sideboard with the Italian marble top, and the peddler withdrew.

"Not being able to wait for the furniture to arrive, my sister-in-law went to the city on the morrow to behold it, and feast her eyes.

"But to her horror she discovered that the furniture store, for such the place was, had no connection with the blue pellet enterprise, and that about five hundred people came every day upon an errand similar to hers. And, to make matters worse, she was in such a state of nervous excitement when she left the house that morning, that she forgot to lock the front door; and, during her absence, some robbers entered her establishment and decamped with every dollar she had in the world, leaving her destitute."

"What did she do?" asked the Millionaire of Pea Pack.

"Went mad, and is in the asylum still," replied the Conscientious Plumber; "and even unto the present day, she can not look upon a chair or a sofa without going into paroxysms of rage. When the keepers take her a newspaper, they make it a point first to examine it carefully, for the purpose of cutting out any and all furniture advertisements, especially those with illustrations."

"What became of the children?" asked Anita, while her parents offered words of sympathy.

"Put into a Home, and distributed among farmers all over the country. But I would like to tell you the story of a young uncle of mine," said the Conscientious Plumber, rather abruptly.

"After luncheon," said the Millionaire of Pea Pack, with a smile of happy anticipation.



(To be continued.)

THE HOLY OF HOLIES.

JESS.—They are getting things down fine now at Asbury Park.

BESS.—What are the latest regulations?

JESS.—No bathing, except on foggy days; no going to prayer meeting, without a chaperon.

THE RESPONSIBILITY PLACED.

FRANK.—Who set this fashion of ladies wearing suspenders?

MAY.—Dr. Mary Walker, I believe.

BILLING AND COOING.

Sweet memory! those blissful days,
With honeymoon ensuing—
When, unharassed, our time we passed,
A-billing and a-cooing.

A change has come; and sterner things
Our time and thoughts are filling.
Our babies do the cooing now,
Our creditors the billing.

R. F. Wilson.

WEARING ON HIM.

MR. SCRAGGS.—That man Jones never pays his fare; he just travels on his face.

MRS. SCRAGGS.—I wondered what made his features look so irregular.

COLLAR AND ELBOW WRESTLING — Getting Into a Tight Shirt.

AFTER THE "Pace" that kills comes — Requiescat in Pace.

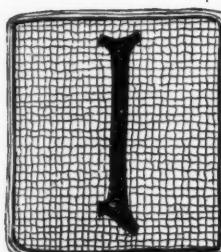


INDISPENSABLE.

FRIEND.—What's that bottle for, Drib?

MR. J. NARCISSUS DRIBLET.—It's—an—extract of violets—I'm going to poah it into the watah—I nevah take me bath without it, ye know!

TENNIS MAXIMS.



T IS the little man at the back of the court who does all the work.

Don't despise the fellow who has no tennis trousers. Of the Goose and the Bird of Paradise, the Goose is the more useful as a steady diet.

Beware of the man who has not played for two Summers. He may not be a liar, but—well, he's first cousin to the man who "never held a cue."

The man who throws his racket down when he misses a stroke will cheat when your back is turned.

Don't invite your Hated Rival to play tennis in the presence of your best girl, unless you "know his game." Pride goeth before a fall, and a haughty spirit before destruction.

A girl is always suspicious of the man who falls down and does n't swear—a little.

Don't make sarcastic remarks when your partner loses a point; keep your mouth closed and play harder.

Don't think *all* the girls on the verandah are watching you play. You can't keep the set of your collar right and play tennis, too.

The girl who can play tennis with you all day long, and can't walk on the beach with her mother after supper because she is too tired, is n't the one you are looking for.

There are some men who dress in negligée elegance and adorn the sides of the court. They are picturesque and well enough in their way. It is when they get in other people's way that they become a nuisance.

If you are on the hotel court, don't play all day. It is a pleasure to see you, of course, but give the other fellows a show. After a prolonged diet of caviare, even salt codfish is acceptable.

Don't act new because you catch the pretty girl in the pink dress looking at you. Nine chances to one she is criticising your trousers.

Don't take your partner's ball because you are sure you can play it better. It shows a kind heart, but the other fellow is there to learn how; so give him a chance.

Keep one eye on the careless player who gets his points by sheer luck. The Lord only knows what he can do when he tries.

When playing with a young lady, don't "play off." She always knows it, and sizes you up accordingly.

The pun on "Love" is old, but always good when your partner is pretty. Admiration is old, too.

Richard Stillman Powell.

SHE'S so chilly, so congealing,
That it readily explains
Why this maid of arctic feeling
Has blue blood within her veins.

QUITE ANOTHER THING.

"If I were married, and the one I chose for love, loved me, I'd try to keep my way of life Much as it is," said she.

"Thus, if I cared to take a walk With some nice, pleasant man, Or have a confidential talk All on platonic plan —

I'd quite expect my husband to Make way, as husbands should — In short, allow me what I wished 'Of proper latitude.

To visit theatres and balls, With other gentlemen — Receive nice notes, and friendly gifts, And all such things, and then —"

"Then," said her listener, eagerly,

"You'd let him do the same, And go about with charming girls,

And have *his* little game.

You'd like to see him just as gay

As if he were not wed,

With other women." "WOULD I, though?

I'd have his life!" she said.

Madeline S. Bridges.

FATAL BUT FITTING.

SAIDSO.—If a foreigner commits a crime here he ought to get the same punishment as though he were at home.

HERDSO.—What would you do with a Russian anarchist?

SAIDSO.—Give him a — er — Russian bath.

NO!

FRANK (*tenderly*).—What would you say if I asked you to marry me?

MAY (*coldly*).—Just as little as possible.

DRIVEN TO DRINK.

The good, old farmers, as a rule, Belong to the "teetotaler" school; But 't is a sorry thought to think They often drive their stock to drink.

N. W.

HE.—Mrs. Hicks had n't her pug a week before Hicks got him a bulldog.

SHE.—So they each have a dog now?

HE.—No; just Hicks.

A PATENT OFFICE REPORT.—"Excuse me, sir; but the ferry-boat was late!"



AN OVERSIGHT.

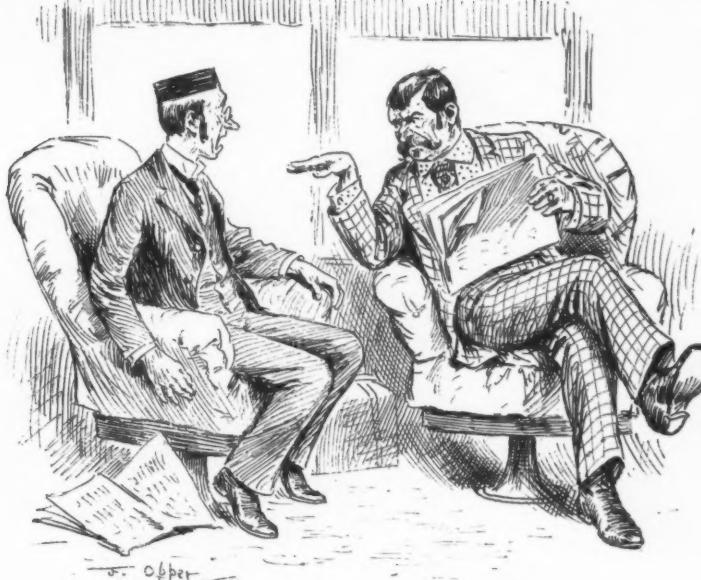


NEWSPAPER TYPES — A STREET-CAR STUDY.

THE NATIONAL TOPIC.



FIRST TRAVELER.—Excuse me, sir; but I presume you are interested in the great coming struggle upon which the attention of all the patriotic voters of this broad land is now concentrated—what, in your opinion, will be the result?



SECOND TRAVELER.—The result?—W'y, Corbett'll be carried home in a paper bag!

BECAME INTERESTED AT LAST.

"That free silver bill," began the First American Citizen —

"Oh, hang the free silver bill!" said the Second American Citizen.

"But I tell you the attitude taken by some of the leaders on that is going to have its effect in the coming election."

"Hang the coming election!"

"Now, the force bill —"

"Hang the force bill!"

"What's the matter? Don't you follow these things?"

"I should say not! I know little and care less about them."

"But I'd like to show you —"

"Oh, you can't get me into a political argument."

"Well, you must admit our foreign policy —"

"I have n't paid any attention to it."

"Of course you realize that Harrison is —"

"I suppose he is; but let it drop. I don't try to keep posted on politics."

"Neither do



"I WON'T TAKE YOU TO THE SEASIDE AGAIN!"

I, to any great extent; but I'll bet you fifty dollars Harrison carries New York State."

"What's that? Harrison? Put up now! Money talks! I'm right with you if you want to bet! Why did n't you say so in the first place? Harrison carry New York? For fifty dollars? Well, I guess not!"

Elliott Flower.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

JESS.—They went to the mountains on their wedding trip, and Ethel was wretched.

BESS.—What was the trouble?

JESS.—George fell in love with the scenery.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST — Unless he gets into the Union.

ADVANCING STAGES OF DECAY — Col. Shepard's.

GOLD PIECE.—I'm an honest coin, I am!

SILVER PIECE.—Yes, you are; I don't get into people, and steal away an appetite it has cost hundreds of dollars to cultivate.

ALLIANCE AGITATOR.—The farmer is the foundation for all this magnificence in New York.

WALL-STREET MAN.—I know it. I've often thought the same thing of the boy who pumps the organ in our church.



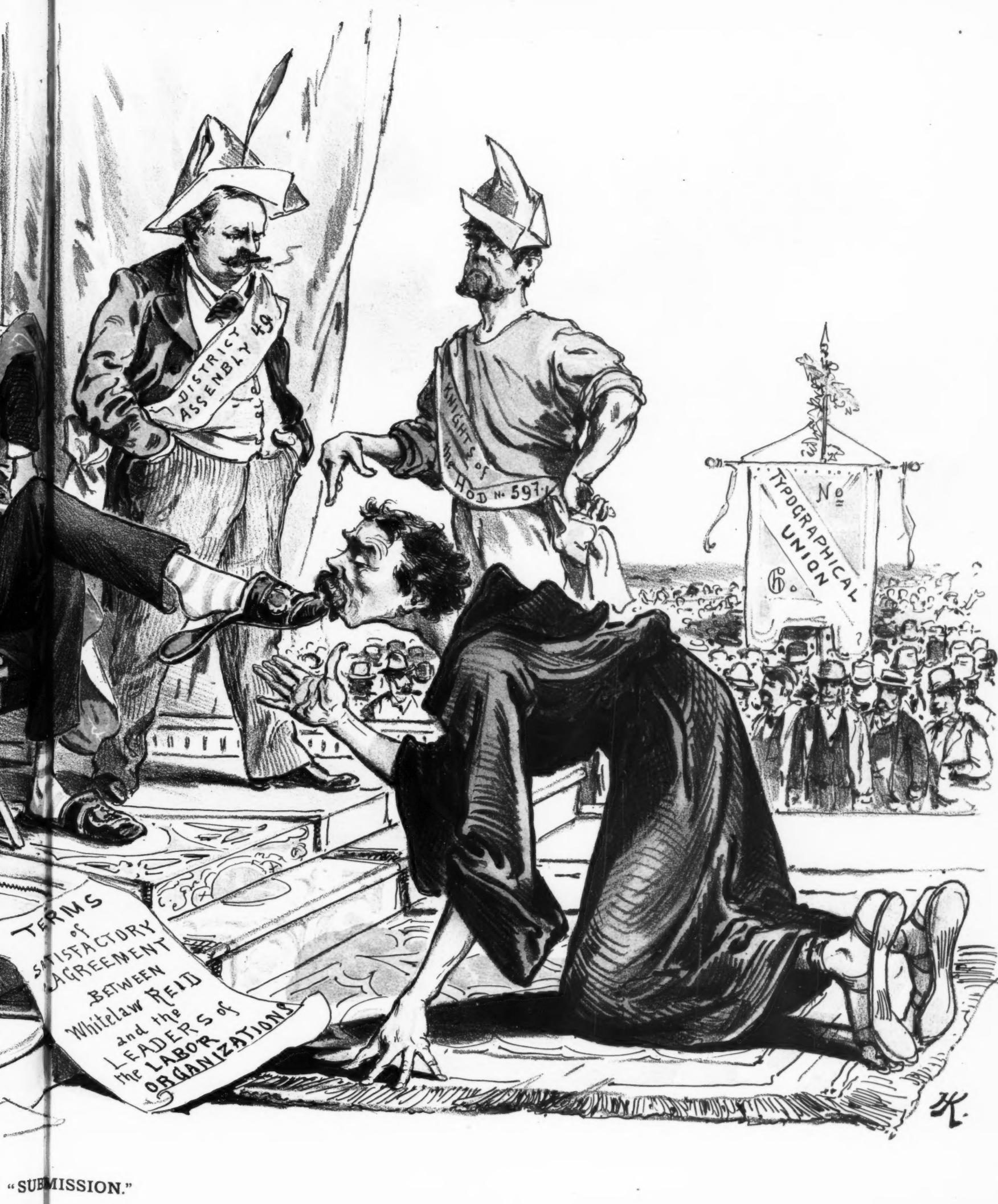
"NONE BUT THE BRAVE," ETC.

TOM.—May I kiss you?

SALLY.—They say kissing tends to the propagation of microbes.

TOM.—Well, you can kiss me, then — I'm not afraid of 'em.







A LITERARY EXPERIMENT.

WIFE.—Oh! what is the matter, dear?

MR. SCRIBBLEY REAMS.—I just read in a newspaper that the brain works best in a reclining position, with the feet higher than the head, and I'm trying it — perhaps I may be able to get something accepted.

AT THE GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

FIRST GIRL.—I just met the Sec. in the hall, and she kissed me.
SECOND GIRL.—Humph! that's nothing. Anyhow, I'd rather be kissed by one of the other Sec's.

IN SUSPENSE.

Her hammock swings over the ground so hard
That the young man with her hopes,
Lest his fractured form on the earth be jarred,
That she fully knows the ropes.



UNSatisfactory WORK.

MCGUIRE (after his first day's work at the Quarry).—Oi worruk no more at thot place. They deshtroy every drap or worruk Oi do.

MRS. MCGUIRE.—For phoy, Dennis?

MCGUIRE.—Oi spint hours to-day drillin' holes in th' rocks, phen a mon coomes round an' puts powdher in thim holes, and blows them all to smithereens.

THE MAN WAS CERTAINLY MAD.

ROUNDSMAN O'TOOLE.—How d' ye suppose that dawg ye shot lasht noight got ter be mad?

OFFICER REAGAN.—Will, from phwat its owner said, Oi joodge th' dawg caught it from him.

A MODERN APPLICATION.

TEACHER.—Now, Johnny, tell us what you know about Crœsus.
JOHNNY.—Please, Mum, dudes wear 'em in deir pants.

A PRACTICAL TRADESMAN.

ROWNE DE BOUT.—I saw a remarkable sign in a window when I was in France.

STAYATT HOLMES.—What was it?

ROWNE DE BOUT.—“American French spoken here.”

THE GENERAL DISCONTENT.

Some men are born wealthy;

Some men are born great;

But all men are kicking

Forever at Fate.



AT ASBURY PARK.

MISS BEACH.—I wonder why these streets are so dusty?

MR. BALL.—It's a dry town.

AT CENTRAL PARK SPRINGS.

LADY (to BOY).—Did you say this was Vichy? It does n't taste like Vichy.

BOY.—Yes 'm; that's Vichy. It's the best Vichy made; and we guarantee it.

HER HEART.

Her heart is a returning ball,
With an elastic string!
It never flies beyond recall
At her most careless fling;
And when she sends it out to me,
I grasp at it in vain,
For, with a smile of girlish glee,
She draws it back again!

Harry Romaine.

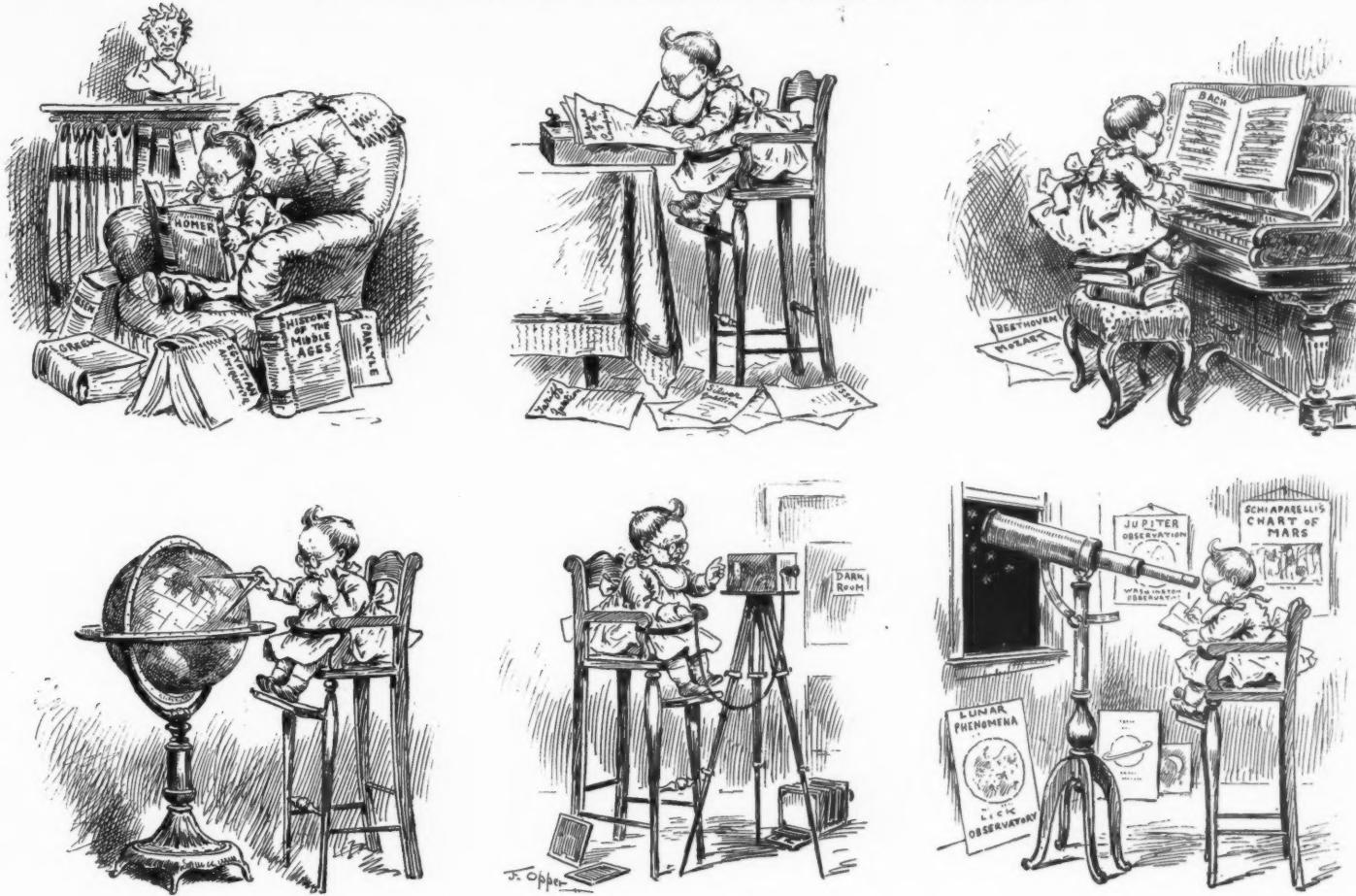


OFF FOR THE SUMMER — The Flannel Shirt.

NOBODY IS ever so mad as a pauper over a reduction in the things he gets for nothing.

SMITH'S SMART BABY.

AS WE IMAGINE IT, AFTER LISTENING TO ITS PROUD FATHER, FOR AN HOUR OR SO.



A BIT OF NEWS.

ILLIE SISSYBUD.—Ah, there! that you, Gussie, old fel?

GUSTAVUS LILYPAD.—Ah, Willie, me boy, how goes it?

WILLIE.—First class, Gussie, boy; heard the news, eh?

“Naw.”

“Naw?”

“Naw.”

“About the newest thing in collahs?”

“Naw.”

“Naw?”

“Naw.”

“Weally, old fel?”

“Naw.”

“Why, all the chappies at the club are wild over it.”

“Naw!—well, lets’s have it.”

“Why, deah boy; hanged if they don’t say collahs are to be quatah of an inch higher than evah before!”

“Naw!”

“Yes, indeedy.”

“Naw?”

“Weally and twuly.”

“Naw?”

“Pon honah, old chappie.”

“Naw?”

“Yes.”

“Naw?”

“So long, old fel.”

“By, by, deah boy.”

Z. D.



A PRIZE.

MAIZIE.—I have a splendid chaperon.

EILLA.—Is that so?

MAIZIE.—Yes. She flirts with each young man who arrives at the hotel; and if she finds he has any fun in him, she introduces me.

JOKES OF INTEREST.

Young Smith was forced to pawn his watch,
And now goes round without it;
But keeps the monthly interest paid
By writing jokes about it.



TRAPPED AT LAST.

RHIME.—I always contended there was a favored ring about these magazine offices, and now I’ve proved it.

PROSE.—How?

RHIME.—Why, for two years I’ve been hawking my matter around among the different magazines, and have never been able to sell a verse of it. Yesterday I took one of the best things Longfellow ever wrote, and I could n’t sell *that*. Talk about having a pull in politics! Why, literature can give it points, and beat it out of sight!

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A WOMAN with a wart on her nose always hates a looking-glass.—*Ram's Horn*.

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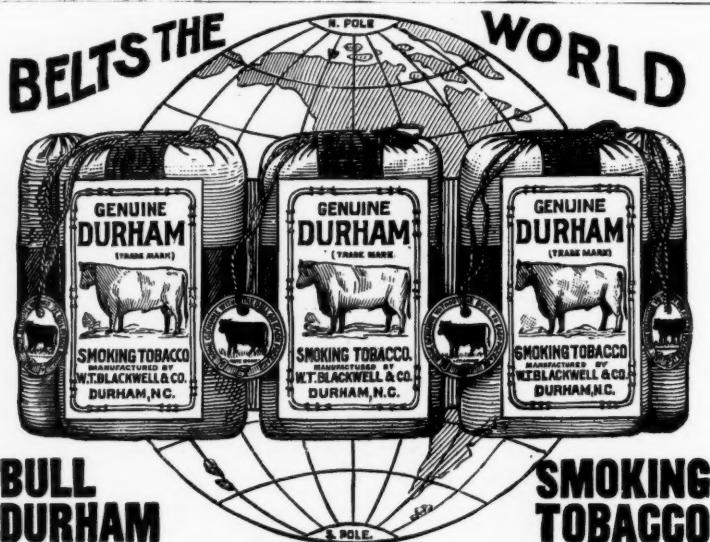
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ENOUGH.

When a Boston novelist wants to make his hero swear, he writes, "a blank expression came into his face," and lets it go at that.—*Truth*.

ONE of the newspapers in Paris is reported to be experimenting with type of glass, with gratifying results. We may yet be able to see through those French newspapers jokes.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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Patentee and Sole Mfr't, James S. Topham, 1281 Penn. Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C. 347



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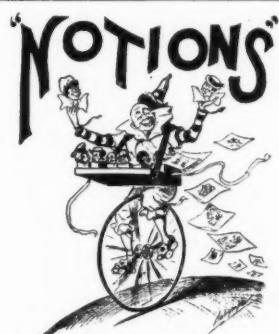
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AN EARLY BIRD.

EMPLOYER.— You are not worth your salt today. What is the matter?

CLERK (sleepily).— I got here on time.— *New York Weekly.*

THE trouble with cases of misplaced confidence is that usually money or other valuable thing have been placed with the confidence.— *Atchison Globe.*

PERHAPS the time when a woman most feels that she is the full equal of any man is when she has begun to feel at home on a bicycle.— *Ram's Horn.*

A MAN occasionally wishes that his children were as bright and pretty as some other children he knows; but their mother never does.— *Atchison Globe.*

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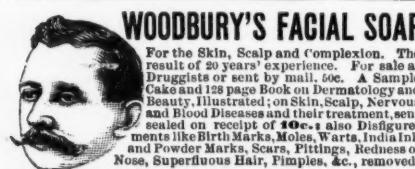
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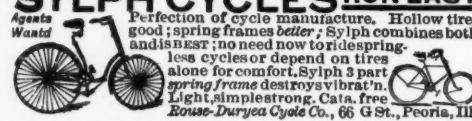
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NO SPENDTHRIFT.

JUDGE.—You were begging on the public streets, and yet you had twenty dollars in your pocket.

PRISONER.—Yes, Judge. I may not be as industrious as some, y'r Honor, but I'm no spendthrift.—*New York Weekly*.

MOTHER.—Now, you have broken my cup. You deserve a whipping. Come here.

FRITZ.—No; I won't come.

MOTHER.—Come, Fritz, till I whip you, and then you shall have a slice of cake.—*Texas Siftings*.

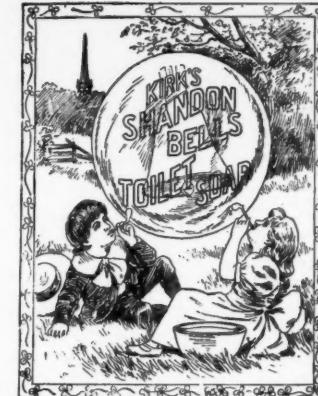
The top round of the ladder is an imaginary one; no one has ever reached it yet.—*Texas Siftings*.

Too many people are electric lights in prayer-meeting and tallow dips at home.—*Ram's Horn*.

About every fourth man who calls on you wants to rob you.—*Atchison Globe*.

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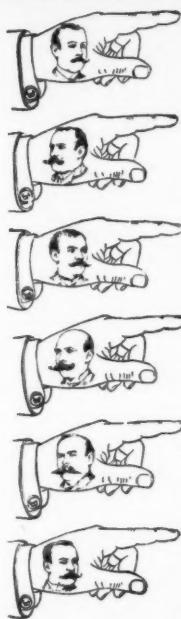
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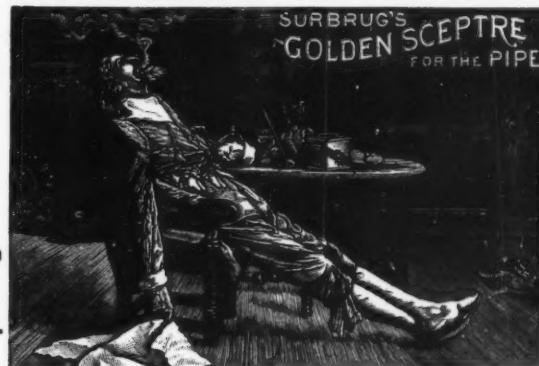
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In 1885 he established a branch house in New York, and later on branches at Riga, Russia; Vienna, London and Brussels.

On the occasion of the Centennial anniversary the festivities were most elaborate and on a grand scale, and no expense or trouble was spared to make it a most memorable one.

The heads of the branch houses and their families, including Mr. Wm. Kropff, the head of the New York house, were present, who, together with many invited guests, fully enjoyed the trip on the Rhine to the beautiful country seat of Mr. Mühlens. The festivities were ended by a magnificent display of fire works, and when they separated the guests all wished long life and prosperity to the members of the house of Mühlens, the proprietors of the great "No. 4711" brand of perfumery and toilet soaps.—*Koelnische Zeitung*.

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PUCK.



Near to an ancient seaport town,
In oiden days, of much renown,
From off a wharf fished 'Lisha Brown.



He fished—he gave his line a yank—
Drank from his flask, threw out, and drank.
Elisha, Reader, was a tank.



Emprisoned in the magic spell
Of daydreams born, and drink as well,
A nibble made his spirits swell.



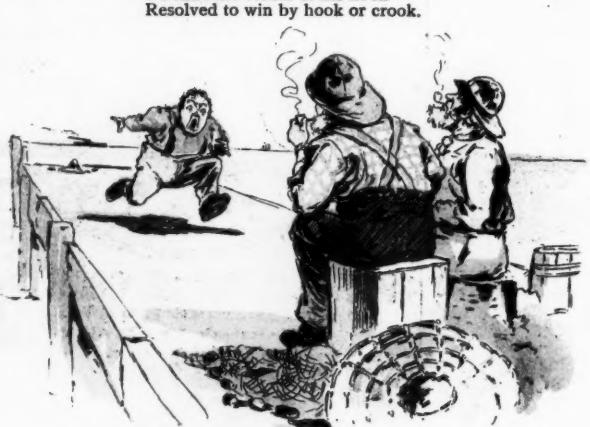
The captive pulled like any bull,
And so Elisha took a pull—
That's why his bottle is n't full.



Then up he rose, with desperate look,
To land the victim of his hook—
Resolved to win by hook or crook.



And this agreeable sight appeared
Whereby Elisha much was queered,
Because Elisha was a-feard.



With frantic haste behold him flee
To join John Jones and James McKee:
"I've coctched a sarpint, sure!" says he.



Says John to James: "In this here town,
The drinks, before this sun goes down,
Are on, and in Elisha Brown!"

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

F.A. Hutchins